

"We had a case not long ago of a gentleman here who, during the middle of the night, began pounding on his door, yelling at the same time: 'Let me out! Let me out! Help! Help!' The hall-boy rushed down to the desk, and, with the night clerk and the porter, hurried back to the room whence came the sounds of distress. All was quiet. They waited awhile, then knocked. The subject of the nightmare came to the door feeling very much crestfallen. He explained that he had eaten a too liberal supply of deviled crabs during the previous evening and that he had dreamed that he was locked in one of the immense money vaults of the Treasury, which he had seen during his visit to the city. His own cries for help had caused him to wake. Such cases, more or less exciting, are of almost nightly occurrence in a large hotel, and are usually greater when the social season is at its height. The guests who get intoxicated are not included in this class of noise-makers. They form a separate study alone, and make the night lively very often."—Washington Post.

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